



15c

BATMAN

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

NOV.
NO. 216

YOU FOUND OUT
WHO I AM TOO LATE,
BATMAN--JUST
LIKE **ALFRED**
DID!

**"ANGEL"
OR
DEVIL!"**



I DON'T WANT TO RUIN A BIRD'S FEATHERS TO PROVE MYSELF!

NO--DON'T! YOU'LL RUIN EVERYTHING!

WHA--?

YOU WIN! I'LL DO IT!

KNOCK

A CONFUSED, BEMUDGING RESPONSE FROM A DISTRACHT LADY IN DISTRESS... AS HER GALLANT KNIGHT RECEIVES A MOST UNDESERVED "REWARD" WHO IS THIS

FRAIL "BIRD" WHO HAS REPAID GOODNESS WITH EVIL? WHERE IS SHE HEADING? SIT BACK, A LITTLE ON THE EDGE OF YOUR SEAT, PLEASE AS THE CURTAIN GOES UP ON:

"ANGEL--OR DEVIL?"

WHILE IN THE WAYNE MANSION, BLISSFULLY UNAWARE OF THE DOWNTOWN DRAMA...



SKCHUFFLE DARN THESE SUMMER COLDS, ALFRED! AND JUST WHEN THERE'S A CHANCE TO SEE **SHAKESPEARE** AS HE **SHOULD** BE PLAYED... BY THE OLD AVON PLAYERS!

I SAY, MASTER DICK! MAY I SEE THAT DRAKE PAGE?



OF COURSE... IT WOULD HAVE A **SPECIAL INTEREST** FOR YOU!

VERY SPECIAL... AND PERSONAL! HMM, ODD... VERY ODD...

MY OLDER BROTHER... **WILFRED PENNYWORTH**... A VETERAN THESIAN IN THIS TRAVELING REPERTORY COMPANY! WHY HASN'T HE CONTACTED ME?



FIRST TIME HERE... AND WE HAVEN'T SEEN EACH OTHER IN SO LONG! YOU'D THINK I'D BE THE FIRST PERSON HE'D WANT TO SEE...?

WELL, WE PENNYWORTHS HAVE OUR **PRIDE**! IF FOR WHATEVER REASON... HE CHOOSES **NOT** TO CALL **ME**... I SHAN'T APPROACH **HIM**!

ABANDONED AS A STRAY ALLEY-CAT AND JUST AS BEDRAGGLED, A BATTERED **BATMAN** GATHERS HIS PEELING WITS, AS...



OWWW... A GIANT GONG BEATING IN MY HEAD!

NO... IT WAS THAT **DOOR**! AND NO GIANT BEAT IN MY HEAD BUT THAT...



WOMAN-SLAPPING BUDDY! THEY MUST'VE TAKEN HER IN NEXT...

...AND I'VE GOT A SCORE TO SETTLE! FOR **HER**... AND **ME**!

BUT THE OBJECT OF HIS SEARCH...
A FORLORN,
FRIENDLESS
STRANGER IN AN
ALIEN CITY...
ATTEMPTS THE
IMPOSSIBLE,
GETTING A CAB
ON A RAINY
NIGHT!...



DID A GIRL--
TWO MEN--
COME IN
HERE?



'E'S FOLLOWED
US! GET TO
THE DRESSING
CHAMBER,
HARRY-- I'LL
'OLD HIM
OFF!





MINUTES LATER, A FRUSTRATED AND ANGRY CRUSADER RESUMES HIS LONELY PATROL.

ACTORS OR NOT---
THEY'RE SURE **BAD**
ONES! WISH I COULD
GET MY HANDS ON...

TURNING AT THE SOUND OF AN
APPROACHING CAR, THE GIRL IS
CAUGHT IN THE BLINDING BEAMS
AND...

HEY, GUY-NOR...
GIVE A BIRD A
LIFT!

YOU--
AGAIN?

THE "LADY IN DISTRESS"?
AT THE RISK OF ANOTHER
REBUFF--WHERE
ARE YOU HEADED?

I...I MUST GET TO
BRUCE WAYNE
MANOR!

A RESPONSE
AS UNEXPECTED
AS EVERYTHING
ELSE ABOUT THIS
UNPREDICTABLE
YOUNG FEMALE...
AND TWICE AS
DEADLY!



END OF ACT I...
INTERMISSION...
ACT II BEGINS ON
382, PAGE
FOLLOWING!



Here is Japanese engineering at its most ingenious. Little wonder this lively, two-cycle bike is so lavishly competitive on the bike's circuits, chalking up more than its share of victories. In Japan, they'd use the above ideogram to describe the "350." Translation: Feisty. We've miniaturized every detail of the Grand Prix, including control cables, fuel and oil lines, stainless front wheel and detailed, hollow tires. Your finished model is one-eighth as long as the real bike. Under \$4, wherever toys or hobbies are sold.

Send \$5 for 380 color
copying of one Revell 1:24
Grand Prix, 420 Classic
America, Venice
California 90201



Build it yourself
Revell's Model-of-the-Month for September
Yamaha Grand Prix "350."

Dear Editor:

After being rather disappointed in the last two *Batman* stories I was very much delighted with the fine story you presented in *Batman* #212: "Baffling Deaths of the Crime-Czar" was probably the best *Batman* story since "The Round-Robin Death Threats"—which in my opinion will never be topped!

Frank Robbins seems to have gotten into the groove of things now and this current work should display that Mr. Robbins can really do it if he tries. So there, you anti-Robbins people out there!

The cover was a masterpiece in every tiny, possible detail. It held an air of mystery and I don't know when I've seen the *Caped Crusader* packed with more muscle! Look at those SHOULDERS and the rippling BICEPS! WOW!!

I enjoyed both letter columns, which I turn in the first thing I get my hands on the magazine—and I've noticed that you've put in some irregulars for a change. With this in mind, I hope you print my letter. Still, don't forget the regulars entirely; I enjoy their flowing styles of writing and interesting comments!

—GARY KUNLMANN, Vernon, Iowa
(Now that you've joined the lineup, Gary, here's hoping you make the regular team—some of whom are coming to bat next, wielding their "interesting comments.")—Editor)

Dear Editor:

"Baffling Deaths of the Crime-Czar" was, in my opinion, the best *Batman* story this year, and the best work Frank Robbins has ever done. I knew he was good, but this story set a new record for him. As rarely happens in the *Batman* magazine, I enjoyed every single panel. Plots and sub-plots were handled with amazing deftness, none crowding the other. It was so good to see a good old gangster story back in action. Each torpedo was interesting to watch in action, but *Big John* really stole the show. His silent really out-classed the others for style, and his Jimmy Durante face spiced the recipe with humor very nicely.

Fan should I'm only boring you with compliments and more compliments, and if so, I'll cut the letter short. Surely others of higher regard than myself wish to make their opinions known, and from what I've seen in the past, their quality dwarfs mine. But let it be known that I, whether qualified to say so or not, consider this to be the best real detective story in *Batman* history. With this, the past those awful "Frank" stories is forgotten. Frank Robbins has the skill and foresight to become the Gardner Fox of the detective story. Whatever plans you envision for the future, that man stays!

—GARY SKINNER, Columbia, Ohio
(Our plans for the future—involving the Big Change to *Batman*—materialize in the December issue of *Batman and Detective*—with Frank Robbins handling the changeover storyline!)—Editor)

Dear Editor:

The following is a song parody of the type I used to win original *Top Gun* Five awards with. It is sung to the tune of "Downtown"...

When there's a tug, whenever the stories don't drag,

The writer's probably—Robbins.

In all his glory, he can write a month story,

Johnny Hazard's pup—Robbins.

It may be in a *Batman* or it may be in a *Flash*,

If it's not his first issue then it's certainly not trash, *Superboy* too.

Top it off with Novick art.

You have a *Batman* story that comes straight from the heart.

It's by Robbins...

Frank is a real find.

Robbins... Bad stories are behind.

Robbins... Immortalized in this song.

I have just finished the June *Batman* and engraved in the lettering of Ray Holloway (thought you had us writer-artist identity-guinness foiled when you added credits, huh?) was one of the finest stories to see in print in an issue of *Batman* in the past four or five issues. And considering the way Robbins has been writing for you lately, that's like saying that Raquel Welch is getting prettier!

—MARK EVANIER, Los Angeles, Cal.

Dear Editor:

Batman #212 wasn't half bad and seeing who wrote it, that's quite a statement. There are some reasons for such a dramatic statement so I'll try to give them: (a) There was little or no camp language; (b) unlike earlier issues, the "hit men" were at least believable; (c) the main plot was pretty good.

Now for the critical comments: (a) In a Robbins script, every time *Batguy* gets in a fight he's gotta yak and say a bunch of dumb words. Bulwack on it! (Example: page 11, last panel—he would have looked a lot better if *Batman* would have just hit the guy and said nothing.) So nix the chatter in the fight scenes. (b) I assume the *Silencer* (ugh), *Dart* (Blah) and *Big John*—or—*Joit* were all veteran assassins. Well, if I went by the looks on their faces and language they used, I'd say they were Peter, Paul, and Mary! Let's have some rough talk and grim faces on these hardened killers!

—JEFF PALUMBO, St. Paul, Minn.

Dear Editor:

In *Batman* #212, you told Rand B. Lee and all us readers who believe everything you say is true that Edgar Rice Burroughs didn't know that tigers aren't native to Africa.

AW, COME ON!

You better check your source of information again. If you'll look in Burroughs' "Tarzan and the Lion Man", for example, there is proof that he isn't (or wasn't) that dumb. In case you haven't a copy of this, the 17th of the series, in Chapter One, the 20th paragraph reads: "There ain't any tigers in Africa. Mutt," explained the director.

Sorry to disillusion you.

—SUSAN A. SMITH, Stow, Ohio

(That's okay—we've been disillusioned in the past—and will continue to be so in the future—with our readers' cooperation!)—Editor)

Address communications to LETTERS TO THE BATCAVE, National Periodical Publications, 909 Third Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022.

ANGEL-OR DEVIL?!

ACT II



WHAT DO YOU WANT OF MR. WAYNE?

NOTHING, REALLY! I'M GOING TO STAY WITH MY UNCLE... **ALFRED PENNYWORTH!** HE'S WAYNE'S MAN'S MAN AND I'M HIS NIECE--**DAPHNE!**



HIS BUTLER IS YOUR...? WELL, THAT'LL BE EASY ENOUGH TO CHECK WHEN WE GET THERE!

WE'RE ALL ACTORS IN THE OLD AYON PLAYERS--- MY FATHER, **WILFRED PENNYWORTH**, IS THE LEAD THESIAN!

BUT SUPPOSE YOU EXPLAIN NOW--- WHAT HAPPENED BACK AT THE THEATER?



OF THE TWO YOU SAW, THE ONE WHO TRIED TO HIT ME IS MY **BOY FRIEND!** HE'S IMPETUOUS-- HEADSTRONG...

...BUT I LOVE HIM! WE HAD A MISUNDERSTANDING! PLEASE, I'D PREFER NOT TO CONTINUE...



CARRYING OUT HIS MASQUERADE BRUCE (BATMAN) WAYNE ACCOM PANIES HIS SURPRISE GUEST TO THE DOOR...

I SAY... MASTER **BATMAN**--AND...

MY NIECE--YOUNG **DAPHNE!**



YOU TWO DON'T NEED ME ANYMORE! AND I'M SURE MR. WAYNE WILL BE HAPPY TO HAVE YOU AS A GUEST, DAPHNE!

I DO HOPE SO...

COME IN, DEAR! YOU'RE JUST LIKE THE PICTURES YOUR FATHER SENT! HOW IS HE?



LOOKS LIKE ALFRED IS GOING TO NEED BACKING REAL SOON! A FAST DOUBLE-BACK TO THE BATCAVE AND...

FATHER'S FINE UNCLE ALFIE--BUT SO TERRIBLY--ER--INVOLVED IN HIS **GOTRAM** DEBUT!





THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT
IN THE AUTHOR'S OWN
HAND... 'ROMEO AND
JULIET'!

"GASP!"



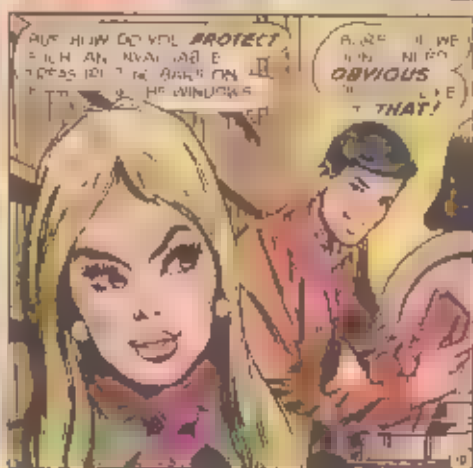
AD. BY "DER BIF SEF"
W. I. CY AR HA TIP
WITH SILVER HESE
FRL T FREF TONG

SWEAR NOT
BY THE MOUNTAIN
HE INSTANT
AND AT
MOUNTAIN CHANGES
IN HER MIND
SHE LEAVE
LOVE OR LIFE
HEAVENLY
TO SELF



"WILL
BE... I
DAMNED!
WILL... I
LOVE YOU

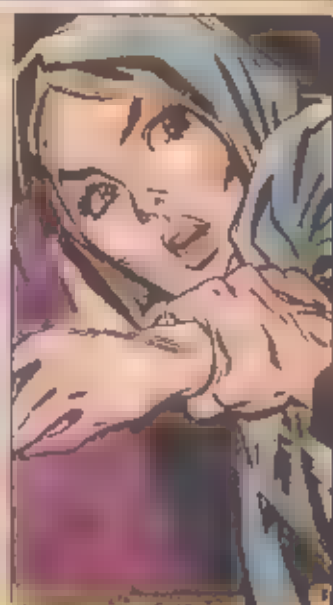
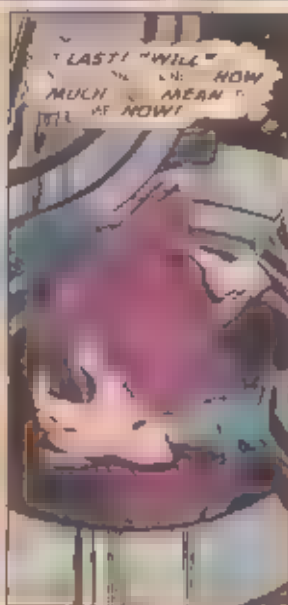
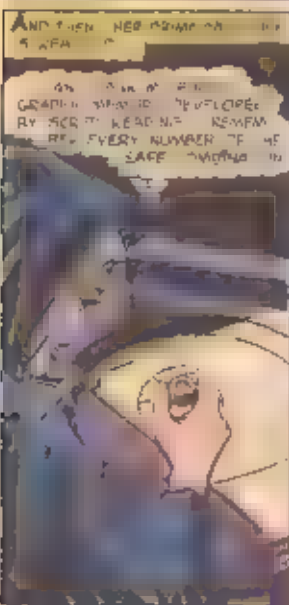
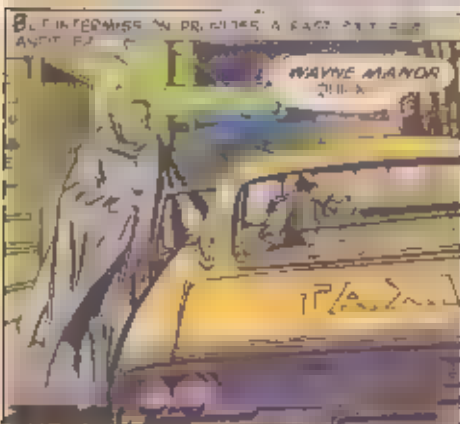
"BUT WE'RE
NOT ACTING!
DON'T GET AN-
NIED AWAY
OR YOU'LL LOSE
CONTROL!"
"BUT
WE'VE GOT TO
FIGHT IN
DEADLY
CONTROL!"

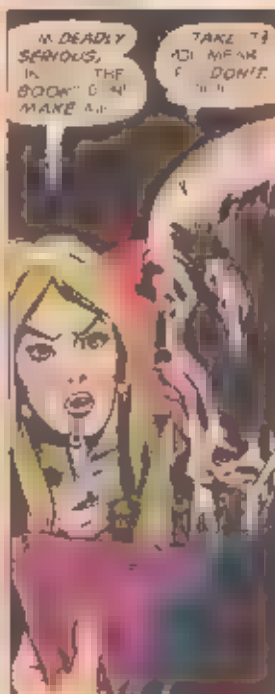


BUT HOW DO YOU PROTECT
YOUR OWN MAN? ARE
YOU GOING TO BE BACK ON
THE WINDMILL?

"BUT WE
ARE NOT
OBVIOUS
THAT!"









RAMMEL'S RED

The Desert Fox's
Krazy Kommand Kar
by Monogram

Monogram Model Corp.
 11111 11111 11111
 11111 11111 11111

1/24 SCALE
 \$3.00

It's a new crazy-like custom FUN CAR from the model
 car maker A real fast-guns "Dune Buggy" of World
 War II vintage, designed by your pal Tom Denzel, in
 a size you'll like Rammel's Red is Tom's version of
 the wildest Afrika Korps command car ever built!
 Big nine inch long made with Mercedes engine parts

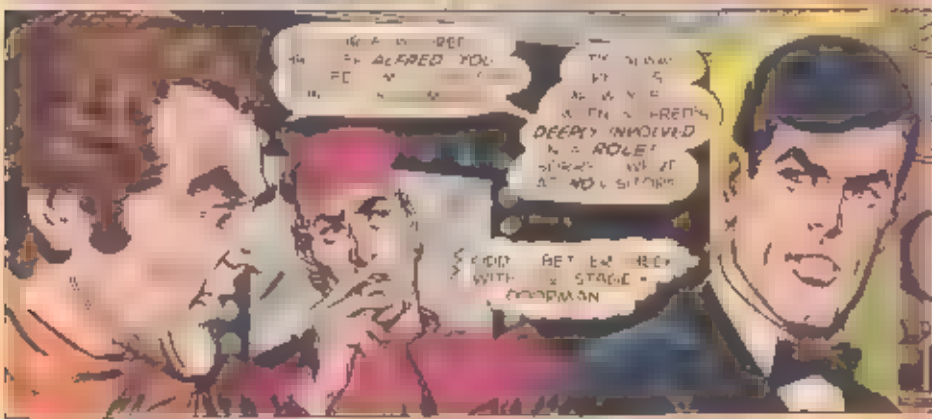
treads, windshield-mounted and rear-firing machine
 guns, removable hood and two sun bleached skis-
 ons. Rear compartment has plush chair, wing table,
 radio gear and ammo cases.
 It's a scream easy to put together too. Get a Rammel
 Red kit at your favorite store and have a ball.

BEFORE A WAITING JASON A GOOD
 PLAYS FOR THE FIRST TIME
 HE AND HIS FRIENDS
 AT THE MUSEUM

HE WAS THE FIRST
 IF YOU GO TO THE MUSEUM
 HE WAS THE FIRST



HE WAS THE FIRST
 HE WAS THE FIRST
 HE WAS THE FIRST
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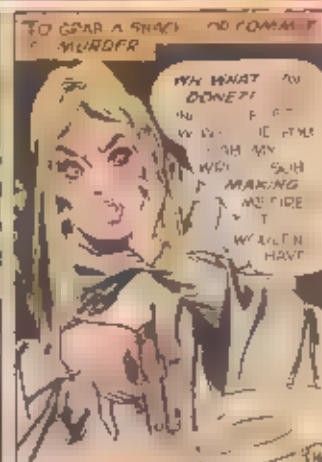


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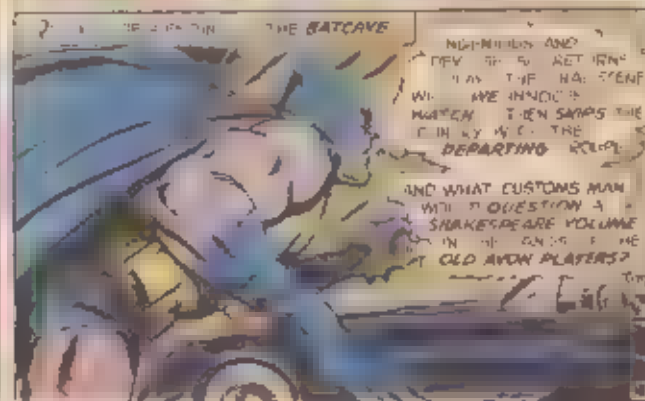
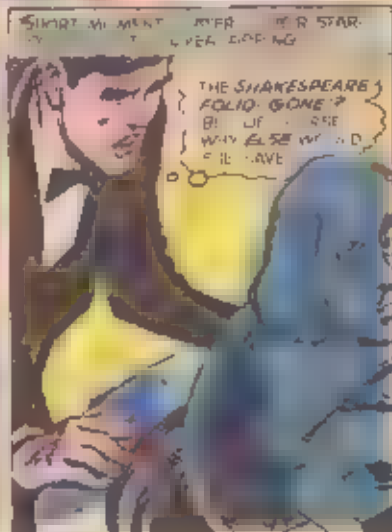
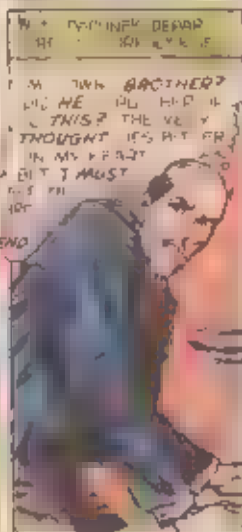
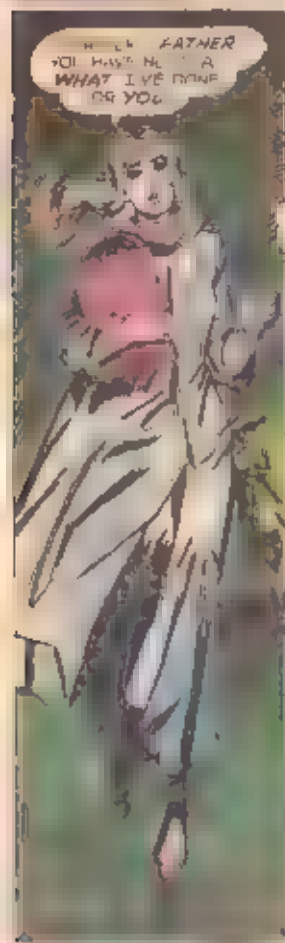
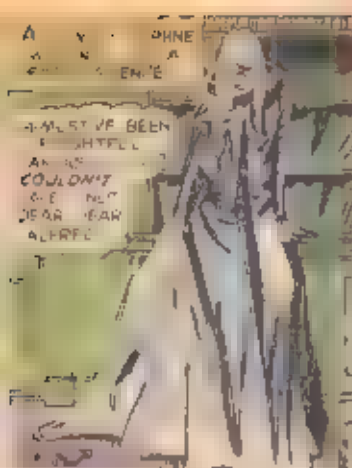
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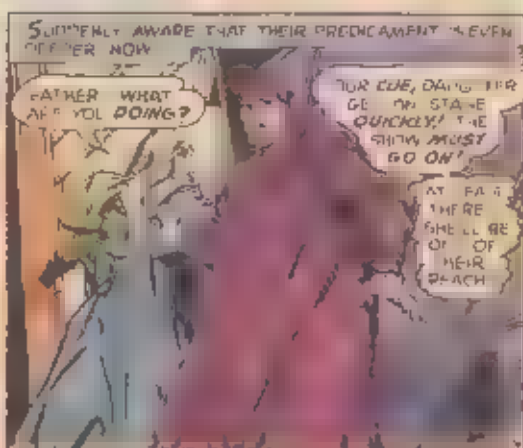
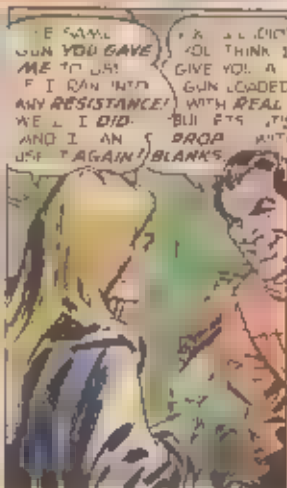
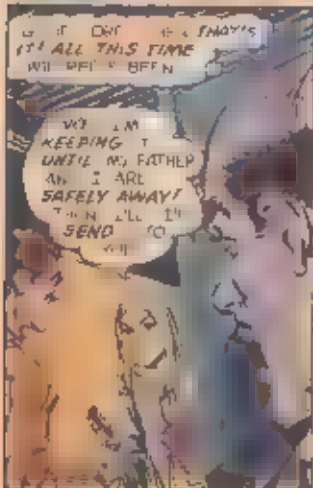
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EXTASE AT THE THEATER

DO HAVE T
DAPHNE? GIVE
COVER

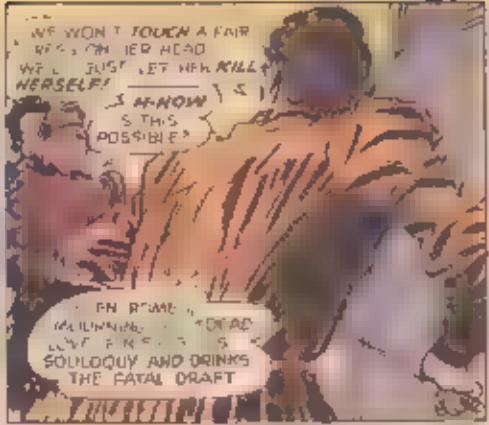
DO YOU THINK BOTH OF US
KEVIN? I'M NO FOOL YOU'VE
HELP MY FATHER HOSTAGE
ON THIS BUT ONCE YOU
HAVE T





HE SHOW 'S
OVER AS FAR AS
YOU ARE CONCERNED
WILL REF.

OO WHAT YOU WILL
WITH ME BUT YOU
CAN HARM
MY DAUGHTER
NOW



WE WON'T TOUCH A FAIR
REF. ON HER HEAD
WE'LL JUST LET HER KILL
HERSELF!

I KNOW
S THIS
POSSIBLE

IN TIME
CALLED
LIVE AND
SOLLOQUY AND DRINKS
THE FATAL DRAFT



YES LOOK
YOUR LAST ARMS
TAKE YOUR LAST
EMBRACE AND
AS A HE DOORS
OF DEATH, SEAL WITH
A NIGHTMUS WICK

YOUR WAKING
SNAT HER HIS
DAGGER TO AND
JOINS HIM IN
DEATH THROTTING
CH

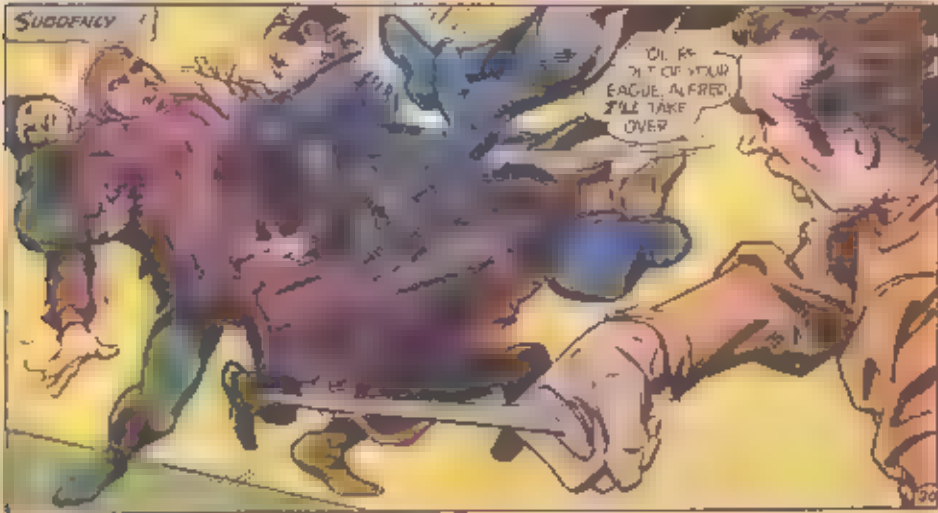
BUT THIS
TIME REMEC'S
TAGER IS NOT A
PROP WITH A VULGAR
PEARING BLADE



DAPHNE IS AN UNFOR UNATE WAY
WITH "PROPS" EAT FOR FOUR YOU'LL
BE YOUR FINAL SCENE

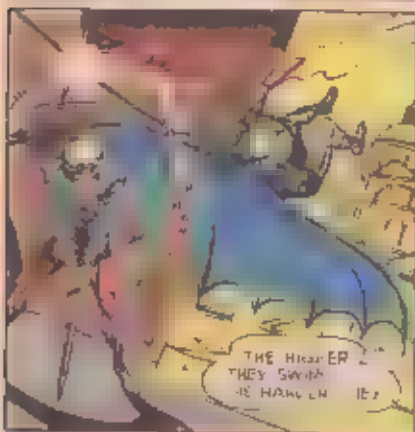
I CAN BEAT IN NO
LONGER! INARMED
TO NOT L

WHO



SUDDENCY

OK RE
TIT OF YOUR
EAGUE ALFRED
I'LL TAKE
OVER



UNABLE TO SHOUT OUT AND WARN HER IN TIME, THE DESPERATE FATHER HURLS HIMSELF AS A LIVING BARRIER BETWEEN HIS LOVED ONE... AND THE DESCENDING DAGGER OF DOOM!



BUT BEFORE THE EYES OF AN AUDIENCE FROZEN IN THEIR SEATS WITH HORROR... ONE DETACHES HIMSELF LIKE A BOLT OF LIGHTNING, AND...



AS PANDEMONIUM BREAKS OUT...





THE REAL ONE IS HERE! "MATCHBOX"

The most authentic model car has now gone Superfast. These are the models you "MATCHBOX Superfast" racers have been waiting for. "MATCHBOX Superfast" racers, with high performance drag wheels and suspension systems.

Meet the latest "MATCHBOX" models ever. The all new Superfast Lamborghini Marzal and Superfast Lotus Europa--both with super-spin wheels that race 'em right outta sight!

Super-detailed, Superfast, and still only 55¢! Nothing can beat "MATCHBOX" Superfast.





AT THE COUNTRY ESTATE OF MILLIONAIRE PERRY CAMERON, WHERE DETECTIVE BROWN HAS COME TO INVESTIGATE A ROBBERY...

BUT, JUST THEN...

A RIFLE SHOT! KNOCKED OUT THE LIGHT!

IT'S DIFFICULT TO BELIEVE, ONE OF MY OWN GUESTS WOULD BREAK INTO MY SAFE DURING THE NIGHT, LIEUTENANT!

THIS FINGER-PRINT MAY IDENTIFY OUR THIEF, MR. CAMERON!



AND IN THE COMMOTION THAT FOLLOWS... BRING ANOTHER LIGHT! HURRY!

WHEN THE LIGHTS ARE RESTORED...

WHILE SOMEONE OUTSIDE THE WINDOW SHOT OUT THE LIGHT, HIS ACCOMPLICE IN HERE WIPED OFF THE TELL-TALE PRINTS! AND THAT MEANS-- TWO OF YOUR GUESTS WERE IN ON THE THEFT!

INCREDIBLE!

I MUST ASK YOU TO ROUND UP ALL YOUR GUESTS, AND BRING THEM INTO THIS ROOM! I WANT TO HAVE A LOOK OUTSIDE!





OUTSIDE...
HMM... TWO FOOTPRINTS...
THE RIGHT FOOT ABOUT
12 INCHES IN FRONT OF
THE LEFT!



THEN, AFTER FURTHER INVESTIGATION...
I FOUND THIS RIFLE
WIPED CLEAN OF PRINTS
IN THE BUSHES! RECOGNIZE
IT, MR. CAMERON?

WHY, IT'S ONE OF MY
HUNTING GUNS! THE
THIEF MUST HAVE
REMOVED IT FROM
THE CASE IN MY DEN!



AS THE GUESTS ARE QUESTIONED...
I WAS TAKING A WALK
AT THE TIME! SORRY
I CAN'T HELP YOU—

BUT YOU HAVE! I
KNOW HOW THE
MAN WHO FIRED
THAT RIFLE—
YOU!

WHAT—? WHAT
MAKES YOU THINK
I DID IT?

BECAUSE YOU ARE THE ONLY
LEFT-HANDED PERSON
AMONG CAMERON'S GUESTS—
AS THAT MATCH IN YOUR
LEFT HAND SHOWS! AND
THE MAN WHO FIRED
THE SHOT WAS LEFT
HANDED!



BEFORE WE GO ANY FURTHER, YOU BE THE
DETECTIVE! CAN YOU FIND THE CLUE
THAT PINS THE THEFT ON THE SUSPECT?
TURN THE PAGE UPSIDE DOWN AND CHECK
YOUR ANSWER WITH DETECTIVE BROWN'S.



END
THE SUSPECT, FACING THIS UNCONVINCENT
EVIDENCE, NOT ONLY CONCESSSED, BUT NAMED HIS
ACCUSOR, AND BOTH MEN WERE LATER TRIED
AND GIVEN LONG-TERM JAIL SENTENCES!

GO ON, OUTSIDE...
THE RIGHT FOOT-PRINT
EXTENDED 12 INCHES IN
FRONT OF THE LEFT ONE
ONLY A LEFT-HANDED
MAN CAN SHOOT A
RIFLE IN THAT POSITION
AS YOU CAN SEE! SO
YOU MUST HAVE BEEN
THE ONE!



WHAT MAKES YOU
SO SURE THAT THE
MAN WHO FIRED
THE SHOT IS LEFT-
HANDED?
IF YOU'LL JUST
FOLLOW ME, I'LL
PROVE IT!